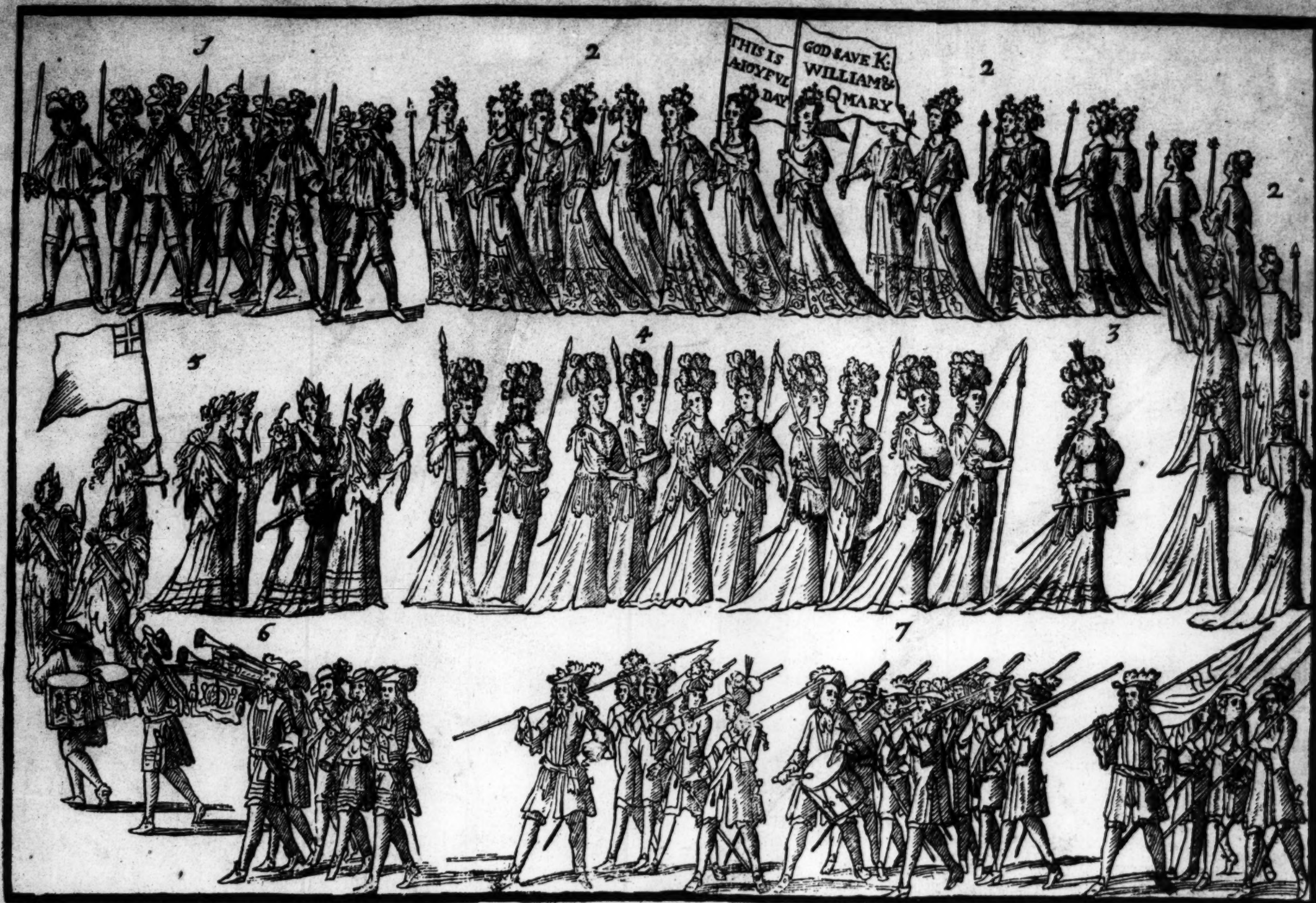


# THE Loyalty and Glory of the City of BATH:

BEING

A True and Perfect Relation of the Wonderful Ceremony, and Transactions, that were lately performed there.

10. May. 1688.



**A** Splendid Triumph late at Bath was seen,  
Upon the Crowning of the King and Queen.  
To show their Joy, (and Thanks to Heaven a-  
And to their Prince, their Loyalty and Love. (bove,)  
But to proceed, to this great glorious fight,  
1. First came a Hundred Heroes clad in White,  
And in their Hands, each Warlike Youth did hold,  
A Naked Sword (bright as the Burnisht Gold.)  
In Marshal-order, thus they past along,  
Applauded, and admir'd by all the Throng.  
These seem'd the Guard of what succeeded there,  
2. A Train of Beauties, (like Aurora Fair.)  
Two Hundred Virgins (like an Army bright,)  
As Sweet as Innocence, and Fair as Light.  
Each wore a Crown, had Scepters in their Hands;  
Scepters, and Crowns, and Beauty, All Commands.  
About each Tender Maidens slender Waist,  
A little Bagonet was buckled fast.  
Two Flags were carried in the midst of these,  
With Motto's, that do all True Subjects please.  
The Motto's in Embroidered-Work were seen,  
The Words, *God Save King WILLIAM and the QUEEN,*  
*This is a Joyful Day, and let all those*  
*Perish, that wilfully their Peace oppose.*  
3. Next after, like the Scythian manner, came  
A Brave Illustrious Amazonian Dame.

The Leader, and the Queen of all the rest,  
With Golden Truncheon, and a Velvet Vest,  
A Plume of Purple Feathers on her Head,  
Plaid, as she past along, and sweetly spread.  
A Golden Sash, about her Waste she wore,  
And thus the Warlike-Beauty went before.  
Bellona, strait was Ravish'd with Delight,  
And Mars himself was taken with the Sight:  
He stood upon an aged Mountains top,  
And on her Head, did Pearls, and Jewels drop.  
4. Next Twenty four march'd under her Command,  
Each had a Dart, and Javelin, in her hand.  
Her Right Breast so conceal'd, that none did know,  
But that she really might draw a Bow.  
5. Then Thirty Ladies more did after move,  
(All like Fair Blossoms in the Bloom of Love.)  
These Richly drest, in their fair Hands did hold  
Quivers, and Arrows, that were tip't with Gold.  
They had their Motto's too, to show their Might,  
*Rather than lose the day we All will Fight.*  
These on their Heads did Crowns of Lawrel wear,  
(Lawrel becomes the Witty and the Fair.)  
6. In order Trumpets found, Drums did beat,  
Colours were flying, to make all compleat.  
In the Town-Hall they had a Banquet fine,  
(Sweet-Meats for Ladies, and for Hero's Wine.)

Bonfires, and Bells, and all they could devise,  
With Acclamations sounding to the Skies,  
In Praise of Him, who came (with Heav'n's high Hand)  
To drive Rome's Priests, (those Vipers) from our Land.  
Those Locusts, that to Lucifer bespoke us,  
Whose Mock-Religion is a *Hocum-Pocum*:  
As Satan once to Eve, in Eden came,  
To vitiate, and Corrupt the Heavenly Dame.  
To bring in bold Rebellion, Sin, and Strife,  
To make Old Adam weary of his Life.  
So Jesuits, (those subtil Serpents) come,  
To England's-Eden, from The Den of Rome.  
With Sodom's fatal Apples, to increase  
Our Sins, corrupt our Church, and spoil our Peace  
Religion, (that Fair Dove) with Golden Bill,  
And shining Feathers, in her Cage lay still;  
Silent, and Sad, Perplex'd with Fright and Fear,  
But since, (by Providence) she is got clear.  
She now upon the Syccamore may sing,  
And Clap for Joy, her Purple-colour'd Wing,  
Give Thanks to heaven, and to our Gracious KING.

FINIS.

Licensed, and Entred according to Order.